



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

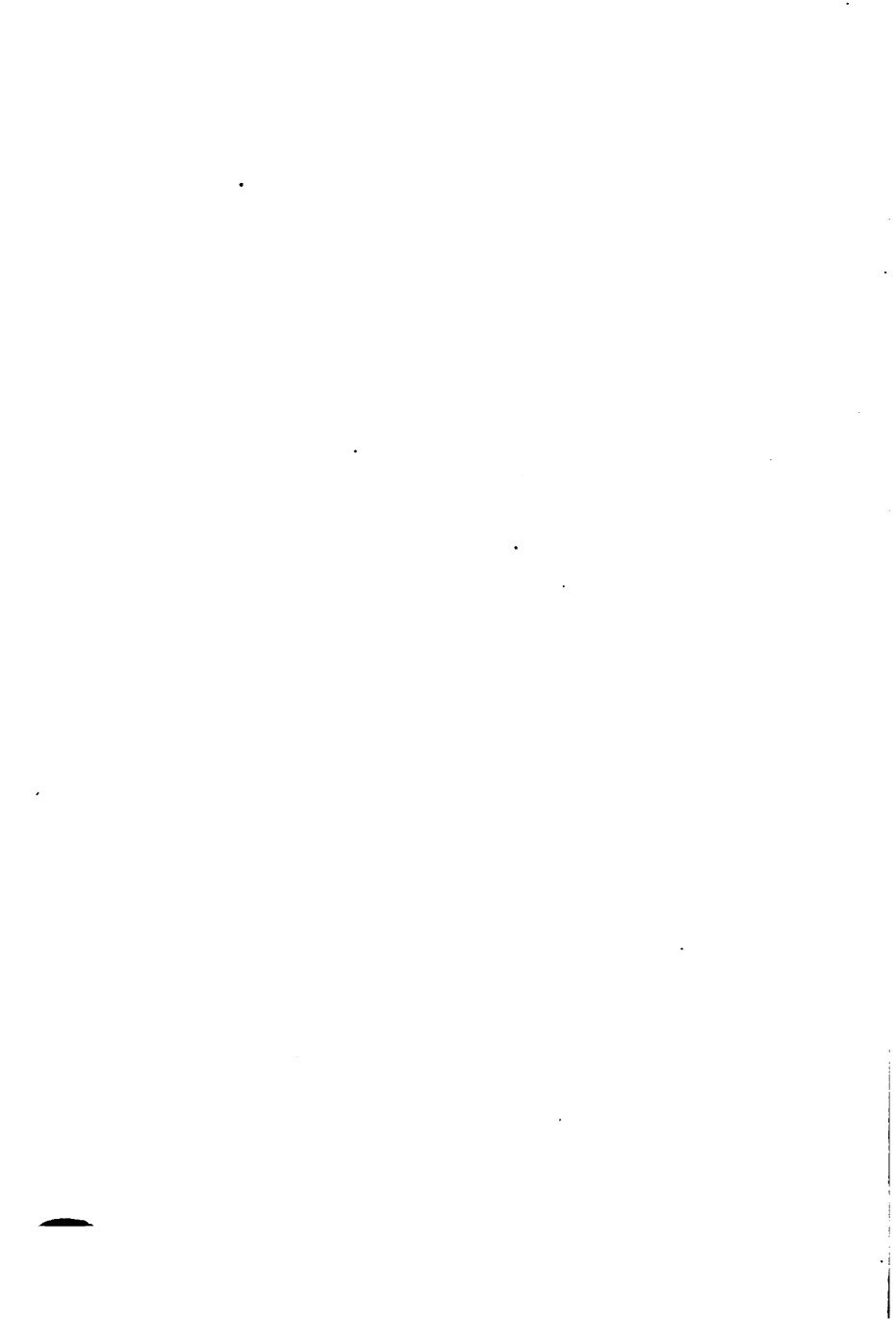
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



JAN 16 1915



(100-  
N



# THE IMAGE OF AIR,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALGERNON SYDNEY LOGAN,

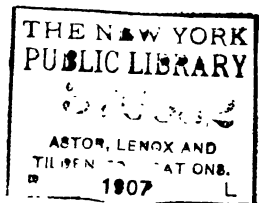
AUTHOR OF "THE MIRROR OF A MIND."

---

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1878.



---

Copyright, 1878, by ALGERNON SYDNEY LOGAN.

---



# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE IMAGE OF AIR . . . . .	5
AUGUST . . . . .	21
TO THE DEAD IN THE SEA . . . . .	23
TO THE WIND . . . . .	25
AUTUMN LEAVES . . . . .	28
A SONG OF YOUTH . . . . .	30
MORNING . . . . .	34
SONG . . . . .	37
THE SONG OF THE SHELL . . . . .	40
SONNET TO THE HOURS . . . . .	44

Kroutz 12-1-107 - \$25



## THE IMAGE OF AIR.

IT was the early Autumn, and the wind,  
Like some lone maiden half to sport inclined,  
And half to sadness, who through woodland ways  
Moves aimless, singing wild and broken lays,  
Sang restlessly amidst the restful tombs.  
Now soft it breathed upon the hanging blooms  
Of salvia, which with conquest-loving hue  
Around the base of many a statue grew,  
Making their icy pallor more complete ;  
And now with hollow laugh for madness meet,

Discordant laugh of Destiny, the wind,  
Like one too heartless e'en to be unkind,  
Seized on the leaves by Summer's passion  
    seared,  
And bore them from the present.

As I neared

The centre of the spot the evening fell—  
Pale Evening, with her mind-completing spell,  
Whose gentle hand, invisible, is prone  
To bear the balance of our musings down,  
Giving due weight to thoughts impalpable,  
By day too little reckoned. Evening fell.  
The unstable gilding of the western sky,  
A moment hence too brilliant for the eye,

Began to slowly tarnish and to fade ;  
Around me gleamed from dusky copse and  
glade—

Some straight and tall, some leaning to decay—

The emblems pale of effort past away.

The youthful tombs were white as drifted snow,

The aged dark—they darker ever grow—

Forming grim contrast to man's destiny,

Who still grows whiter as the years creep by.

My thoughts went wandering 'midst the mindful  
stones,

Mindful of names of long-forgotten bones,

Culling some mosses from mortality.—

Thoughts are there which do cheat the mental eye,

So complex is their nature : now they seem  
Near and familiar, now a sudden gleam  
Will lightning-like show cloud-forms far away ;  
Now do they move as reasonings cold and gray,  
Now as warm memories passionate sweep along ;  
Now as one shape, now as a spirit throng  
Such musings meet us, till their sense to hold  
We fain must press them to one stable mould—  
We consciously with form our thoughts endow  
That we may treat with them. With motion slow  
From out the vapors of the coming night  
A shadow rose before me—no grim sprite,  
The child of superstition—but a shade  
By me from thoughts of saddest import made.

Aged he seemed, though not yet near his prime—  
A withered flower bids us think of time,  
E'en though the wrinkles on its velvet cheek  
Were furrowed by the hour; his mien was bleak—  
As if 'midst magic mountains lingering,  
He deep had drunk of some enchanted spring  
Within whose every bubble lurked a year;  
With careless steps unmeasured he drew near—  
Then sudden paused—but even his very pause  
Was, like his motions, restless, and the laws  
Which ruled his looks and motions were unknown,  
For these were rhythmless and each alone—  
As the long tendrils of neglected vines  
O'er casements hanging in entangled lines,

Sway without concert to the wind's wild strain,  
And tap with aimless fingers on the pane.  
Oh, he was beautiful beyond compare,  
His face than man's, nay, more than woman's  
fair,  
Yet 'twas a beauty that with pained amaze  
Filled the beholder ; for beneath the gaze  
It seemed to fade, yet gazing none might know  
If it had faded, or was always so.  
Through all his being, even to his sigh,  
There breathed a palpable uncertainty.  
To look upon him was to feel a pang,  
A dread, though none might say from whence it  
sprang—



A straining of the mind, bewilderment,  
Hope and suspense in strange confusion blent.  
The wildest voices of the mind awoke  
Within his presence, and as forth they broke  
Into a hurried chant, pale Memory  
Holding her solemn harp stood silent by,  
And struck wild chords between the wilder staves—  
A sound of question, restless as the waves !  
For at his sight there swept across the soul  
A consciousness of thoughts beyond control,  
As from the past when feverishly we strive  
Some joy forgotten vainly to revive,  
Some dream of beauty deaf to Memory's call,  
Which once familiar mocks our efforts all.

In all his motions, gestures, features, mien,  
An incomplete perfection there was seen,  
A loveliness unearthly, wild and free,  
From its fair sequence severed. Near to me  
The figure drew, then quickly paused again,  
As if the creature of his laboring brain ;  
His eye, which like a wind-tormented flame,  
Now pale and blue, now gleaming bright became,  
Fell on a fragile tablet which he bore—  
His hand flew fast, his thoughts his hand before—  
He wrote o'er half the tablet, and anon  
Gazed quickly round, as if in quest of one  
To whom it might be shown—but none appeared—  
Then faded grew his eye, his features bleared :

Dim grew his form, fantastical and gray,  
Even as the spirits of the storms when they  
Around the moon their magic misty ring  
Form hand in hand, and to her footsteps cling.  
To stay the shadow ere it grew inwrought  
With other forms around, I said, or thought,  
“Who art thou that in such phantasmal guise  
Still bearest the weight of human energies?”  
As memories of dreams to present care,  
As crescent moonlight is to midday’s glare,  
So to all human voices, when he spoke,  
The sound I felt, which silence never broke:—  
“I am the shape of one who lived in vain,  
If being be to be not, since I gain

An entity in speech which is not mine ;  
Yet mayst thou in this evanescent line  
The wraith in words of that which was behold,  
As I in form." Ere ceased his utterance cold,  
Which seemed remembered and not heard, he gained  
A marble shaft, and from its surface planed  
Its frigid eulogy, its grief of ice,—  
Each awkward text, each weary dull device,  
Dates, emblems, letters, all he did erase—  
All save a lyre sculptured at the base—  
Then glowing like the wisp that skips the moat,  
A phantom epitaph the phantom wrote  
In letters coldly luminous ; it seemed  
As if a glow-worm o'er the marble gleamed,

Creeping across it with his lantern green,

For each word vanished ere the next was seen :

“ What is it in the garden of the Earth

If one bud wither, lovely though it be ?

If one mind fails the promise of its birth,

What loss to man in man's Eternity ?

This stone the type of cold rigidity,

This snow which noonday melts not, stands for

one

Who deemed his mission was to feel and see ;

For in him Nature's changing face was shown,

As seas and flowers change their aspect with the

sun.

“ Look down upon a plain of blooming flowers,  
A forest, or the ocean, and behold  
How these are grave or gay but as the hours  
Which float above are clad in gray or gold—  
Like these he changed, yet long ere he grew old  
His heart became of one dull changeless hue ;  
The hedge 'twixt him and hopes, which childhood  
bold  
A tussock deemed, a giant barrier grew—  
Each year it seemed to gain in height and briers  
new.

“ His was no sombre self-consoled despair  
Which thinks the world as stupid as unkind,—

He deemed that he was wanting, and with care  
He strove his nature's secret flaw to find;  
He roamed o'er foreign lands and saw mankind  
In many aspects, and with toil by night  
He probed the thoughts of many a perished mind,—  
By day he watched, all breathlessly, the fight  
Which freedom ever makes against inhuman might.

“ But as each hour adown time's chasm rolled,  
Toil unrewarded wrought its vengeance dire—  
His heart grew weary and his hand grew cold  
In stirring the unfed, unwilling fire;  
And as upon some lofty granite spire  
The seeds, wind-wafted, lodging one by one,

With tiny thews which ages cannot tire  
Hurl crumbling down each mighty sculptured stone,  
So fell his noblest thoughts by petty cares o'ergrown.

“Oh, he was like a sprig of severed bay,  
Whose functions perish ere its beauty cease,  
Or like the smiles that o'er the features play  
Of midnight sleepers, powerless to please,  
And lost in darkness. 'Prived of rest and ease,  
He could not frame his mind to sink, or soar—  
His was obscurity without its peace;  
For though life's winds his cloud-built empire  
tore,  
Still phantom pageants swept his dazzled eyes before.



“Now all he was and all he strove to be,  
All that he hoped that others might become,  
Although recorded, none shall ever see—  
Far better had he been forever dumb;  
His hope of fame——”

The spectre's hand was raised  
More syllables to form, when sudden blazed  
Athwart the ivy leaves' inwoven bar  
The eternal radiance of a rising star—  
Some thought of hope which lurked within the ray  
Made the dim shadow's shadow fade away.  
He faded fast, and left me standing there  
Alone with Nature and relieved of care.

Thou silent witness that though crushed by ill  
We are a part of something glorious still !  
Sensation of expansion and expanse  
Which lifts our thoughts above the fretful trance  
Of our too subtle musings, the dull fear  
That we but follow in the world's career,  
The self-tormenting effort to be great,  
How do these fade before thy tranquil state !  
Oh, Nature, Nature, effortless and calm,  
Thy beauty is the soul's eternal balm.

## AUGUST.

I WANDERED through the chilly night,

I heard the whip-poor-will,

The passing brant on high did chant,

The frogs sang sharp and shrill ;

And many a wild bird in his flight,

With ghostly fall and swell,

To the far north, whence he came forth,

Did hymn his wild farewell.

The Summer's cloak was faded,

Her matron bloom was gone,

Her queenly pace had lost its grace,

Her cheek was worn and wan ;

But the moon as calmly waded

The depths of the cloudless sky

As she did on the night when the queen was dight

In the robes of majesty.

And I thought how the dews of even,

As they gather on the brow,

May be made to gleam with the tingeless beam

Of a light not born below—

How the glow from our inner heaven,

With its sheen of deathless white,

May cast a ray on our senseless clay

In the soul's eternal night.

TO THE DEAD IN THE SEA.

**M**OURN not, ye children of the sea, ye dead!  
That no stone idly crumbles o'er your head—  
The mounds that heave above your ashes are  
As green as those o'er church-yard sepulchre,—  
Yet who can mark their place? Is not each wave  
An ever-green, far-rolling, restless grave?  
Ye are not as the earth-bound dead, all still  
And speechless; for I hear, with a wild thrill,  
Your laughter mingle with the seethe and roar,  
As fall the breakers on the midnight shore;

And as the foam gleams glistening through the night,

Your hands stretch out towards me ghastly white,

And clutching as to draw me to the sea—

What, would ye swell your vast fraternity?

## TO THE WIND.

**E**TERNAL minstrel! who through every land  
Harpest wild melodies from door to door,  
Thy lays 'neath palace eaves are not more grand  
Than in the smoky chimneys of the poor.

Saddest of harpers! of thy songs, can none  
Back to the lip a vanished smile recall?  
No, there is not of all thy ditties one  
But wakes a sigh, or bids a tear to fall.

Thou singst of home to those that houseless rove,

Past friends to those mankind despise and scorn,

Thy songs tell trembling age it once could love,

And bid unwilling youth feel it shall mourn ;

Thou singst of weed-grown graves with mossy stones

Which we in life's rough race have left behind—

But thou dost not neglect them, and thy tones

With kindred music wake the sleeping mind ;

Thou singst of our own graves which thou shalt see,

Of endless change which leaves thee still the same,

Of all we are not, and yet wished to be

In brighter hours ere hearts and hopes grew tame.



Pilgrim impalpable! thy viewless feet

Through ages still must roam from clime to clime,

But even thee at last a bourn shall greet—

Thy head shall rest upon the tomb of Time.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE leaves lie cold  
On the cumbered mould,  
Their corpses lie white all around,—  
Uninterred where they fall,  
Till their whiter pall  
By Winter is spread on the ground ;  
  
But when March, with his cloud  
And his voice so loud,  
As he shouts in the leafless tree,

Shall lift with his hand  
Their pall from the land,  
The corpses shall vanished be.

## A SONG OF YOUTH.

MIDDLE-AGE, stand aside! on thy hopes  
there's a damper,

There is cold in thy eye, there's a doubt in thy  
pace—

Stand aside from his path, lest the course thou  
shouldst hamper

Of one who will die or succeed in the race.

He comes like the wind as it sweeps o'er the reeds  
Which cover the marshes so wide and so green ;

He leans from his chariot and lashes his steeds,—  
Streaming backward his hair and his garments are  
seen.

There is heaven in his eye, there's a light on his  
brow,  
There's a curl on his lip, with the scorn of his  
pride.

As he cheers to his coursers his heart is aglow,  
And he sees not the being who clings to his side ;

Fair, fair is her face as the pond lily's pure,  
As it floats o'er its grave in the depths of the  
stream—

Her glance is bewildered, half timid, half sure—

She has fears for his danger and hopes for his  
scheme.

Swift as the dews of morning that fade in the loving  
light,

Swift as the words of warning we heard on a by-gone  
night,

Swift as the spray

That floats away

Before him Fame doth fly—

Her face is a vapor cold and gray,

'Tis her back enchants his eye.

Let him on till he win her, and then he will find  
She is dust on the billow and chaff on the wind—  
Let him on till he win her, and then he will know  
How vain the best efforts of mortals below.

Trembling Age, halt away with thy cane and thy  
crutch,

There's a film on thy eye, on thy cheek sits  
decline—

Away! in his pathway a feather is much,  
And he needs all his strength, without hindrance  
of thine.

## MORNING.

**B**EHOLD, the Morn, pale daughter of the Sun,

From her deep dream within the east awakes—

A ray to gild her lattice has begun,

A fitful breeze her cloudy curtain shakes.

A deep-blue veil enshrouds her face serene—

In vapory folds her tunic floats afar—

A mantle, too, she wears of lightest green—

Her rosy feet rest on the morning star.



Within her hand a crystal cup she holds,  
From which she ever flings the tingeless dew,  
Whose magic might each drooping bud unfolds,  
Bathing the waking world in beauty new.

Her friends the flowers uplift their pearly heads,  
And breathe a blessing as she passes by—  
Their new-born breath upon the light wind treads,  
And wreathing upward, melts into the sky.

The pale cold thoughts of wisdom, doubts of joy  
Which doth not turn his burning eyes above,  
Longing for endless fame, and glimpses coy  
Of things for which in vain the mind hath strove,

These wait on her ; and now to earth again

She sends these forms which flit about her urn—

They knock a moment at the hearts of men,

Then hasten upwards never to return.

The glowing stars, her flocks of golden fleece,

She, their fair shepherdess, doth drive away

Westward across the far horizon's crease,

And follows from our sight—But lo, 'tis day.

## SONG.

THE moon with her viewless hands,  
Transparent, light and free,  
Was parting a place  
For her dreamy face  
To gaze on the troubled sea.

There were bells in wave-washed hands,  
Which tolled eternally ;  
There was roar on roar,  
Far down the shore,  
And laughter out to sea.

There were four on the sands to-night,

Two shadows and two forms—

Behind and before

Flew the froth on the shore,

And foam on the land of storms.

Need shadows, or shapes more light ?

O which has the firmer home ?

Which stabler stuff,

The moth-like fluff,

Or the bird-like flying foam ?

O heart-uniting kiss !

O bosom beating free !

O eyelids wet

With joy! and yet—

The wild bells out to sea!

Through the languor of the kiss

Which wrapped them tenderly,

Came the steady roar

Far down the shore,

And the laughter out to sea!

## THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

DOWN, down in the depths of the deep blue sea,

Far from the home of the spray,

In the stillness of eternity

For ages I dreamily lay.

And the pale sea-flowers that round me drank

The light that crept through the brine,

Year after year arose and sank

Seen by no eye but mine ;

And the ships above through the depths pro-  
found

Sent shadows with faces gray,  
Who afraid of the dimness that threatened around  
Stole o'er us and crept away ;

And far above us the fishes passed,  
Like shades when the sky is dim ;  
But we heard not the tramp of the waves as they  
massed,  
Nor the hurricane's battle-hymn.

The sunbeams swam down to us spent and pale  
Ere they reached our distant home ;

But the moonbeams scorned our quiet vale,

And slept on the eddying foam.

But the sibyl who dwells in the midst of the  
flood,

The soul of the changing deep,

On her way through her realm before me  
stood,

And roused me from my sleep ;

And over my back she dimly traced,

In a running and watery hand,

Strange letters in lines that each other effaced,

Like the ripples that seek the sand.



"Ye are the leaves of the ocean," she said,

"The sibylline leaves of the sea—

Go forth from the haunt of the graveless dead,

Washed wide by the foam in its glee.

"And darkly forever recall to man

With thoughts of your boundless home,

The gulfs on each side of his own slight span,

The infinities past and to come."

She tore me away from my parent rock,

But fast to this weed I clung—

Long was I tossed with many a shock,

And here at last was flung.

SONNET TO THE HOURS.

YE motley throng that pass before mine eyes,  
Onward, still onward, unreturning crew,  
Of every size, of every shape and hue,—  
Some smiling, and from lips like morning skies  
Breathing the laughter soft of Paradise,—  
Some stalking by with faces dead and blue,  
While round our steps they sprigs of cypress  
strew  
In ghastly silence—why, alas, some prize

Do ye each call bear from us? Leaf by leaf  
Youth's stalwart tree ye take away, and blast  
Hope's unripe fruit and Joy's half-garnered sheaf,  
Until so little there is left at last  
To tempt you forth from out your secret home,  
'Tis strange the last stern hour should ever come.

THE END.



